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VOLUME XVIII.  
No. 24.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882.

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The gravest heart is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON. — There are certain people in the Dominion who refuse to believe that the Finance Minister has lifted the country out of the financial depression by means of the N.P. alone. But there always will be a class of stubborn sceptics in the world. Individuals may even be found who discredit the late Baron Munchausen's story of how, when he and his horse found themselves in the midst of a deep river, he seized hold of his pigtail, and by his unaided arm lifted himself and his charger safely to the shore!

FIRST PAGE.—It is generally believed that Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin would have no objection to a nomination for East Toronto in the Conservative interest. The candidate now spoken of is Mr. Bunting, of the Mail, who is a very pleasant gentleman, but by no means so able a man as Davin. GRIP would like to see the bald pate of Nicholas Flood in the front row of the Commons, for then we might have a revival of the good old days of D'Arcy McGee, and if Sir John will just say the word, no doubt the faithful Irishmen of the division would come to the front and put their brilliant countryman in.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The strike is still going on, and it is plain that it will continue for some time yet. The carpenters have been joined by other operatives, but they remain the principal figures in the play. GRIP hopes the affair will be settled without any chiselling or gouging, and he is pleased to see that present indications augur well for an early truce.

Q.—A scientist has gone: what does he now behold?

A.—The truth; that man, not monkey can a tale (tail) unfold!

Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

The first meeting of the Shareholders of the above Company was held in the Company's office, 55 and 57 Adelaide-street east, at noon on the 21st inst.

The Provisional President, J. L. Morrison, Esq., was in the chair. After the Secretary, Mr. S. J. Moore, had read the notice calling the meeting, the President stated that as this was the first meeting of the shareholders, the Directors had no formal report to make, but simply to present the action of the Board of Directors on the various matters connected with the organization of the Company, which would be explained as the resolutions were read. He stated that in accordance with the Prospectus upon which the Company was organized, the Directors had taken over the assets and assumed the liabilities of Bengough, Moore & Bengough, but previous to concluding the purchase (which the shareholders would be asked to ratify) the Board engaged Messrs. Kerr & Anderson, Accountants, to examine the books and prepare a balance sheet from the same. They also engaged Messrs. J. J. Burns and G. C. Patterson, master printers, to examine and value the plant, etc., of the firm, and upon the report of these gentlemen the Board had taken action. The shareholders would now be asked to ratify that action by passing the resolutions which had been prepared.

Various by-laws passed by the Board at the several meetings were then discussed and passed without amendment, after which the voting for Directors for the ensuing year was proceeded with, resulting in the unanimous re-election of the Provisional Directors, viz., J. W. Bengough, Geo. Clarke, S. J. Moore, J. L. Morrison, and Thos. Bengough. Mr. Anderson, of Kerr & Anderson, was appointed auditor of the Company.

A resolution was next carried authorizing the Directors to carry into effect the purchase of the good-will and assets of the firm of Bengough, Moore & Bengough, on the basis agreed upon between the said firm and the Provisional Board of Directors.

Mr. J. W. Bengough was engaged as editor and artist of GRIP, and Mr. S. J. Moore as the Company's manager, each for a term of five years.

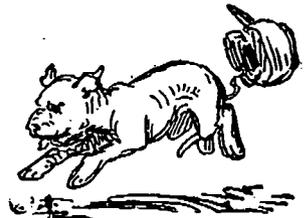
The President stated that from the experience of the past few weeks since the organization of the Company, it was the opinion of the Directors that the promises made in the Prospectus would be fully redeemed. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, J. L. Morrison, Esq., was re-elected President.

Our Representative Man.

LETTER II.

Esteemed Mr. GRIP.—My last letter brought the events of my journey down to my arrival in Winnipeg. I got there on a beautiful bright morning, and found all Winnipeg holding its ears and swearing that it was the coldest day of

the season. It wasn't so cold as some of the days I had spent in Toronto since last Christmas. I earnestly, but vainly, hoped it would continue as it was, for, as Coolican would say, it suited me right down to the ground. Speaking of Coolican—and that by the way is what most people are doing—I made a pilgrimage to his headquarters the very first thing. The boom had quieted for a spell, but it set in again shortly after my arrival—queer coincidence, I didn't suppose the speculators were all aware that I had half-a-million with me—and I saw the financial blizzard in full force. St. Vincent was put on the market, and notwithstanding that it is in Uncle Sam's territory the lots went off hot. Coolican stood behind the bar in Dan. Roger's celebrated "Hub," and after an eloquent exordium, in which he confined himself strictly to the truth, and made as few points as possible in favor of St. Vincent, he proceeded to dispose of the property. Whenever the bidding lagged, Coolican knew intuitively what was wrong, and ordered the bar-tender to "set 'em up" for the company. Each of these little stoppages would cost something like \$30, but J. S. wears a velvetene coat, and money is no object to him. Of course Manitoba auctions are not always held in bar-rooms; on this occasion the regular room was undergoing repairs; hence the refreshments. The cold weather was over in a day or two, and then the mud began to arrive. At first it peeped out modestly, and a careful citizen could get home to dinner with less than a bushel of it on his feet, but before long it got bold, and spread itself, and began to lay strangers on their backs here and there. That mud is bad, but Winnipeggers seem to like it. On Main Street it brings \$1800 per front foot—perhaps that's the reason. The capital of Manitoba is a place about the size of St. Catharines—a large village with a few good brick buildings, and a great many unpretentious wooden ones. You land at the north end of Main Street, and as you proceed down town along the broad and bending thoroughfare, you hear the sound of hammers on all sides. Every here and there you see canvass tents, big and little, and you are told that these are either hotels or dormitories, where you can get a good bed for 50c. or a better one for \$1. Land offices are more numerous than hotels, and give better accommodation. There are of course crooked dealers by the score, but here and there you find men who are incapable of sharp practice—such as Mr. J. B. McKilligan, Mr. A. McCharles, and others. The conversation of the city turns chiefly on boarding-houses. If a fellow gets into a 6 by 9 room and arranges to get his meals for \$9 per week half a mile from his sleeping apartment, he walks down street with the air of a Syndicate lord, and commiserates with the scores of new comers who can't find board and lodgings to save their necks. But spite of all this discomfort the air is clear and bracing, and everybody you meet is rushing somewhere, just as if \$10,000 were at the end of his rush—as it very probably is. Yes, Winnipeg is a great institution. But I needn't take up any more of your space, as your readers all intend seeing it for themselves.



"PURP"—ETUAL MOTION.

PATENT APPLIED FOR BY MR. GRIP.



The Hailons at the Grand are marvellous beyond expression. Of a truth, they must be seen to be appreciated.

Remember the concert by Boud St. choir, in the church, this (Friday) evening. Mr. Lawson's past triumphs in this line give assurance of a grand success.

The Guernsey-Listemann Combination of Boston—a superior company of musical artistes supplemented by Miss Minerva Guernsey, a dramatic star, give two concerts at the Pavilion on Saturday next—afternoon and evening. Mr. Listemann and his colleagues are well known in Toronto, and former visits will be pleasantly remembered.

#### Notes from High Society

DEAR MR. GRIP,

Like Harry Lyndon, Esq., I move in the first society. When I go to a ball I dance with the most distinguished young men only, and when giving invitations always prefer an empty room to a mixed assemblage. Sometimes the room is nearly empty, but I don't mind that, it is at least select. I tell you this that you may be able to appreciate my notes; they are reports from the first drawing-rooms. Now, Mr. GRIP, I would have you know that to be of the proper tone one must be churchey; not religious, that might be in the way—but churchey. The little airs are quite becoming, only, as I said before, you must not mix them with religious feeling, that would spoil the effect. I was visiting some friends the other day, and observed how it worked even in little things. The young lady's dog came into the room, and sprang on her knee. "Dear Tanny," she cried, "what a pretty it is, and how sweet its ribbon is!" (It wore a large purple bow.) "But my dear Miss—," said I, "why did you use purple? It is so ugly." "Oh! but it's his Lenten ribbon, he'll have a nice new one for Easter, a nice white ribbon." "White, why white?" I ask. "Oh, white's for Easter, it is the canonical color." "But don't you think," I asked, "it is bringing Lent and Easter into ridicule to dress your dog so?" She looked vexed, and said that her sweet doggie should have his Lent and Easter ribbon too, so I dropped the subject, I did not wish to appear old-fashioned. But, Mr. GRIP, I appeal to you. First, does not this show the taste natural to the fair sex? Second, does it not show how admirably young ladies of high-church tendencies understand the truths symbolized by church decorations? Third, does it not show how very well fitted they are to undertake these decorations, as they often do, without guidance? And fourth, does it not surprise you that these decorations, after their taste, do not call forth more devotional feeling than they do? Yours,

JEMIMA.

For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the London reporter's peculiar. With delicious diversity of chronicling, we are told that the University Boat-race of 1882, was won by two, by five, by seven, and by ten lengths. The matter is not of vital importance, and will cause no great upheaval of the existing condition of things.—*Hull Bellman*.

But it is a matter of profound congratulation to us in Toronto to know that "our own" reporters never imitate those London (Eng.) reporters, not by no means.

#### The Tale of the Terrible Tupper;

OR, A TRUE POLITICAL HISTORY.

A certain Parliamentary man  
Now claims your close attention,  
And if you'll read these humble lines  
The reason I will mention;  
That most of this is strictly true,  
I'll state in confidence to you,  
And you will not  
Have cause to rue  
Your gracious condescension.

Some years ago, a poor young man,  
To Parliament they sent him;  
Unto his name was tacked M.D.,  
So M.P., too, they lent him;  
(I think it shows a kind of greed  
'Tis use more letters than you need,  
And troublesome  
It is to read  
But dignity it lent him.

He had a voice both strong and clear,  
In fact he roared like thunder,  
And so he caught the speaker's ear,  
But was it any wonder?  
If I should shout, and roar, and yell,  
And raise a voice like merry—(well,  
The name of it,  
I shall not tell,  
I'd burst that ear asunder.

It woke the Speaker from his snooze,  
And made his back feel creepy,  
(The night before he'd had a booze,  
And so he felt quite sleepy);  
But when the Doctor's speech was done,  
(A speech which favored No. 1),  
And when the vot-  
ing was begun,  
He did not feel so sleepy.

The next place that he made a mark  
Was in a mining venture.  
A scheme for digging diamonds dark,  
For which he got much censure:  
"I was charged that crooked was the go  
The Doctor vowed it was not so,  
(He said so and  
He ought to know  
About his little venture.)

An office in the Cabinet,  
The goal of his ambition,  
Was what he next did try to get;  
He got that swell position.  
His poverty he quickly ends  
By letting contracts to his friends.  
(In making money,  
Much depends  
Upon a man's position.)

And now the Opposition press  
Shout boldly out, CORRUPTION!  
The Government is in a mess.  
And verging on disruption.  
And when they to the people go,  
They meet a sudden, deadly blow,  
A perfect rout  
And overthrow,  
For dealing in corruption!

Then after staying "out" five years  
In Opposition sour,  
The people lose their former fears  
And place them back in power.  
The Doctor (now a doughty knight)  
Will surely do the thing that's right,  
And keep his white-  
Washed fingers white,  
On coming back to power.

Alas! it seems he won't do so,  
For, in his contract-letting,  
A firm called Onderdonk & Co.  
The fattest things are getting;  
Although their prices higher far  
Than other tenders prices are,  
That does not seem  
The slightest bar  
To their the contracts getting.

I think Sir Charles had best beware  
Of jobbing in this manner,  
For when a "job" is laid out bare  
It makes a pretty banner  
For Opposition folks to use,  
(The chance they will not likely lose),  
And if they do  
'Twill make him "blue"  
To see it on their banner.

JA KASSR.

The following prize question has been propounded by the New York Debating Club: If a 50-cent piece with a hole in it is worth 35 cents, what is the value of the hole without the piece?

#### A New Webster Wanted.

The *Globe's* Montreal correspondent, in his list of "portion of exhibits" at the coming Third Annual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy at Montreal, says some select things. He has evidently studied the art of descriptive reporting to some purpose.

He says Miss Richards has "some good charcoal life studies." Now, we know what "still life" is, and "real life," also but we do not know what kind of life "charcoal life" is. The only life we are acquainted with in connection with charcoal is fire—the emblem of life; but how can incandescent charcoal be put on canvases and not consume it? We must see Miss Richards's pictures if they do not vanish up the chimney like the old woman on the broomstick. Now we dote on new words. The English language is so poor, and is rapidly becoming so telephonic and phonetic, that we are thankful for any word which may indicate a whole opinion in one breath, and "Our Own Correspondent"—the *Globe's* we mean—has kindly furnished us with such a word; it is "meritable." He says Mr. Brymner, of Ottawa, is a coming man, and his pictures on exhibition are "meritable." Did he mean to "damn with faint praise," or to praise with faint damn, the coming man's works? For the life of us we cannot tell. But "meritable" is a useful expression, anyhow, and we are much obliged to the *Globe* for enabling us to add a new word to our reporting dictionary.



AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD

When Sir Charles Tupper was a little boy his papa presented him with a little hatchet. Delighted with his treasure he went about hacking everything that came in his way, and amongst other things he chopped up a very valuable cherry tree in his papa's garden. When the old gentleman discovered the ruined tree he was very wroth, and observing little Charlie standing near with his hatchet in his hand he said:

"Charles, is this your work?"

With a calm and guileless face Charlie replied: "Yes, papa; I could tell a story but I wouldn't: I did it with a jack-knife!"

"No," said the prominent member of a Vermont parish, "Jackson will never do for a deacon; he hain't got the qualifications why, darn it, I've cheated him on a horse trade myself."

Flogging in insane asylums Fogg thinks perfectly proper. He says they pound the patients, just as the railway men do car wheels, to see if they are cracked.—*Boston Transcript*.



He was born in Glasgow.



He was born in Inverness.



He was born in Canada.



He was very playful as a kid.



Jack, hold out your hands, Sir!

Began to display his genius at school.



He was fond of tripping boys up.



He became a Politician



He entered Parliament



"Sleeped to the lips in Corruption"



Enter a Coalition - & Power.



Resigned in 1873.



Back again to Slavery!

BIOGRAPHIES OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.



## OUR OWN MUNCHAUSEN.

“ \* \* \* BY MY UNAIDED ARM I LIFTED MYSELF AND HORSE OUT OF OUR PERILOUS POSITION.”

—Vide Baron Munchausen's Adventures.

**The Joker Club.**

**"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."**

Huxley calls a primrose a "corollifloral dictyledonous exogen." As usual there were no police around to interfere.—*S. P. Post.*

It is strange but true, most baggage smasher are ire-ish men.—[Mulkey, Straws. And some others are old Frauk fellows.

Presence of mind is undoubtedly good enough in its place, but when the neighbor's dog breaks its chain we prefer absence of body.

If you wish to know the climate of any high mountain, why go to it and climb it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* We ascent, friend Griswold.

Now that "Mr." James is financing in another sphere, Missouri editors travel freely through the State with their diamond breastpins and rings on and their government bonds in their pockets, without danger of personal loss.

An unreliable ear—a cashier.—*Terre Haute Sat. Night.* A still more unreliable ear—a mutineer.—*De Menil, Hornet.* Not an ear for music—the muleteer.—*Baton.* A prodigious ear—a mountaineer.—*De Menil, Hornet.* A discordant ear—an auctioneer.—*Corry Enterprise.*

"Excuse me, Bridget, but may I inquire what this arrangement means that you have hung up on the kitchen wall?" "Oh, that! Sure an' it's a daddo, mum, and just wait till you see the beautiful paycock's feather I'll be ather hanging above the dure. It's issthetic I am, mum, if you plaze, and my gallery greenery young man's comin' here to take tay wid me this evening."

**The "Reminiscence" Nonsense.**

No sooner does a man of any ability, or renown die, in this country, before a race of idiots spring up who are full of "reminiscences," and who must deluge every paper in the land with the accounts of alleged interviews with such men.

Longfellow had hardly been laid away before we were told that someone had seen him playfully picking his teeth with a pitch fork, this anecdote being given to show that the poet was possessed of a quiet fund of humor.

Another remembered having seen the extravagant man give a nickel to an organ grinder, who commenced to play "Nancy Lee" before his door without the slightest provocation; we have seen men of less report than Longfellow give a "grinder" as high as a quarter—on condition that he left the town inside of an hour.

We have heard since his death, that Mr. Longfellow invariably used scented soap; that he was partial to green onions; that he wrote his name on an envelope, giving it to a little child and asking nothing for it. Longfellow was a great man, and a good country poet, but the world won't think him any greater because he used scented soap or pulled a dead cat out of a well with a fence rail.

**Mollie's Ram.**

Mollie had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated too.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hilarious grew to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passion rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon

followed fast, and raised his foot again; alas, that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back about a rod, 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat it stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose and went for that 'ere sheep. Several well-directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they straightway for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man and shot him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast. "Aha!" he says, "I'll try that game on you."

And so he kindly, gently called: "Come, rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am."

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying: "Rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy in the town."

The ram quite drooped its humble air, and rose from off his feet, and when the parson lit he was beneath the hindmost seat.

**The Winnipeg Fever.**

To take, or not to take—that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind "to scoop" And pave the way to a tremendous fortune. Or to take up arms against Ontario's wrongs. And by opposing end them? "To scoop"—to arms. No more; and by a "scoop" to say we end The fever, and the thousand natural wants That man is heir to—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. "To scoop"—to arms!—"To scoop" perchance "get left" ay, there's the "but" And being "left" perhaps by Mr. Scarth, or Mr. Rogers To march down to Toronto with half-a-dozen Parcels of Minnedosa "corner lots" Securely packed—'other side up, with care,— And palm them off upon the would-be spec'.

Collectors of accounts should ride dun-colored horses.

[Toronto (Canada) Globe.]

**News Nuggets from some Well-Known People.**

In our sister country, the Great Republic, we have noticed that there is at present a theme before the public that is attracting general attention, and is being discussed by all classes, high and low, from the President to the poorest. The same subject is being discussed in Canada, in England—yea, in fact, all over the world it is universal; and as our readers may be benefited by hearing the opinions of some of our wealthy business men on the subject,—without further observation we will say that that subject is the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy for the cure of rheumatism and kindred diseases. To facilitate matters,



therefore, and to lay before our readers what are strictly facts, which we can vouch for, our reporter gathered the following testimonials from some of our wealthiest business men, and they will best serve to illustrate the feeling pervading that class on that all absorbing subject. The reporter, in his rounds, first called on Mr. John Taylor, of the house of Taylor Bros. & Co., No. 30 Market St. The house of these gentlemen is so well-known throughout

the Dominion that it is needless to say anything regarding its business standing here. Our interviewer, after a pleasant greeting from the courteous gentleman named above, at once broached the subject of his mission, and Mr. Taylor said:

"I look upon St. Jacobs Oil as one of the greatest things we have ever had introduced into Canada. The people are wild over it, and well they may be, for it is an excellent remedy. It is used in my family right along and with the most flattering results; it is certainly a remarkable remedy. It cures every time it is applied, and does its work in a very pleasant manner. St. Jacobs Oil is a wonderful medicine indeed."

Mr. John Bonner, proprietor of the celebrated Yonge-Street Dry Goods and Gents Furnishing Store, tells a most remarkable story of St. Jacobs Oil. Mr. Bonner, speaking of the Oil, said: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of a bad case of neuralgia, of five years' standing, when I had given up hopes of being cured, and had tried fifty so-called remedies. I now keep it all the time, not only at home, but here in my place of business; it is an excellent thing and something that nobody should be without."

After leaving Mr. Bonner's handsome store and smiling presence, our interviewer took his way to the Walker House, having an appointment with a gentleman who was to attend the annual dinner of the "Licensed Victualler's Association," and in the parlor of that commodious hotel he met Mr. John Millett, the well-known business manager for the Toronto Brewing Co. Mr. Millett said:



"I have found St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy for the rheumatism and soreness of the chest and other ailments, and I am decidedly of the opinion that there is nothing like it, and that it cannot be excelled. I am strongly inclined to believe that it is infallible and cannot fail to cure, and inform your readers that I say so, if you wish."

Here our reporter also met with Mr. Thomas Simpson, the well-known Eastern brewer, and in the course of their conversation Mr. Simpson said: "St. Jacobs Oil is an excellent thing for the rheumatism. This right hand of mine was all swollen and painful this morning; I rubbed it with St. Jacobs Oil and now, after a lapse of not more than ten hours, as you see (here Mr. Simpson extended his hand), the swelling is gone and I feel no more pain." So much for the interviewing system. Reader, the moral is obvious.

**The Jilted Owl.**

By our own Gay (and Festive Cuss.)

I sing of a jilted elderly owl,  
Who once was a blythe and ganesome fowl,  
With a piercing eye, and a terrible beak,  
Which caused his numerous foes to squeak.  
But Fate, who spares not flesh nor fowl,  
Was 'er' lar nuts on that blighted owl;  
For he fell in love with a pelican's daughter.  
To be his bride he at once besought her.  
And that fatuous fowl would perch on a tree,  
Singing of love to the naughty she;  
But ah! she was a sad coquette,  
And she fooled that elderly fowl—you bet.  
The billing and cooing soon did vary.  
For she bolted one day with a gay casowary.  
From this fatal hour the owl did pine.  
He was the last of the owlish line;  
For the flirt's papa—the pelican hale,  
Swallowed that foolish owl, feathers and tail.

W. K. W.—*Hull Bellman.*



### WEFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

Haw—dy'e know that I have weflected consid-  
erably on a subject which of late has engrossed  
to a vevy great extont the public mind. I  
allude to the subject of stwikes. The question  
is, what may be with gwoat pwopriety called a  
vexed one. The wight aw wong of the mattah  
depends altogether upon the twon and weal  
condition of business affaihs wrelating to the  
intewests of both employed and—aw—employ-  
ers. Let us say that an employah teke a con-  
tract to pelfawm a cehtan work, and cehtain  
otheh people in the same twade, likewise seek-  
ing the job, and offohwng theah—aw—tendehs,  
or what evah these people call it, at a low wate,  
have obliged him to figel what is called  
"pweTTY fine" to make a pwofit, and that he  
bases his pwopective pwofits out of the undeht-  
taking to a considwable extont on the wate of  
wages, he will have to pay his awtizans and—  
aw—otheh w'king people on the "job." Let  
us—aw—assume that the contract taken gives  
but a small mawgin of pwofit, when wages aw  
at a cehtan figeh, no mattah what, and that a  
wise of wages, not heahtofoah taken into con-  
sideration will weduce the pwofits of the—aw—  
masteh or contractuh, aw whatevah he is  
called, to nil, he, the contractah, at oahsaid, will  
naturally demur at giving the—aw—asked faw  
wise to his weh'kmon. Not being intewested  
eitheh in the "masteh" aw "sehvant" I—aw—  
imagine that I can give an unbiasid opinion  
on the mattah, and howehv much I may sym-  
pathise with the man who labahs for his daily  
bwed, I consideh that the employah who, by  
his industwy and oneh'gy has awisen to the—  
aw—position of mastah, has cehtain intewests  
and wights that cah'tainly ought to be wesp-  
ected. The mastah, doubtless, was at one time a  
weh'kingman himself, and nodoubt undeht'stands  
the position of the employees as well as they do  
themselves. Moaboveh, they must be fow  
among the "wehking classes" who do not  
aspiah at some futuh time to wise in theah  
business and become employahs themselves,  
when they pwobably would take the same view  
of affaihs as the pwsent mastahs do. Evewy-  
body cannot be mastahs, and the one who  
by his oneh'gy, or otheh means, wises to that  
position, naturally expects to make a comfah-  
table pwofit out of his undehtakings, otheh-  
wise what would be the use of, or sense  
of, his aspirations. His capital and business  
expwience is employed in his avocation, and  
he as a wule should be wesppected by those he  
gives employment to, instead of being made  
out to be theah enemy. In a countwy like this,  
weah any man may wise in his business posi-  
tion in a shawt time, fwom that of employee  
to employah, the application of such language  
as is wespanted coming from the stwikehs at  
theah meetings to the "bosses," stwikes me as  
being by no means wight, and only stirs up an  
antagonistic feeling without any weason theah-  
faw. On the otheh hand, I must confess that  
undeht cehtain conditions wheahin weh'king  
people by a collusion of capitalists are syste-  
matically underpaid and made to weh'k faw  
"stawation wages" they aw quite wight in so  
doing, altho' in so doing they almost of neces-  
sity must make "mawtch" of themselves to the  
"cause." But stwikes undeht mostly all  
cihconstances aw a losing game, and a so-acc-

of hawt-beh'ning, not only to the stwikehs  
themselves but much moah so to theah families.  
Let us say the dispute between the "boss"  
and the awtizin is twenty-five cents peh day,  
(which is the diffevence, I undehtstand now ex-  
isting in some twades in Towonto), and in con-  
sequence of the wefusal of the "Mastah" to  
gwant the extwa twenty-five cents the men  
stwike faw, let us say, sixty weh'king days—and  
his fawmeh wages at the wate of \$2.00 peh day  
—he would lose diwectly though his stwiking  
\$12.0. Then let us assume that at the expi-  
wation of the sixty days the "boss" succumb's  
to his demand, and the twenty-five cents extwa  
peh day is given, it will take him four hun-  
dred and eighty days, on the extwa wages to  
make up faw his lost time. So at best it is but  
as I said befaw a losing game, especially when  
the increased expendituh naturally awising  
fwom a pehched state of mind consequent upon  
his enfauced idleness, a great deal of the un-  
necessawy outlay going doubtless into the  
coffahs of some of the "licensed" fwateh'nity,  
who have so ostentatiously come to the wescue  
of the "weh'king man," who it appeahs have  
theah vevy gweatest sympathy! In an Eng-  
lish papoh, *The Standard*, I woad in the we-  
pohat of a meeting in the Mansion House on the  
5th inst. that in Canada sawpentohs get fwom  
12 to 14 shillings stwelling, bwiclayahs and  
plastewahs 20 to 25 shillings peh day, and  
otheh mechanichs and—aw—awtizans at simi-  
lah figehs. The awticle winds up with the  
statement that the English awtizans considh  
that Canada must be an El Dowada indeed,  
but the papoh asks the vevy peh'tinent ques-  
tion, "How long will it last?" It appeahs to  
me that a vevy wofay coloh is given to the state  
of wehkingmens affaihs hoah, and that they  
pehwaps judge fwom the wepatus of the ex-  
awbiant wages demanded in Manitoba. In this  
they au wong, faw such wages as \$7.00 a day,  
cawnt possibly last long in Manitoba au any  
weah else. Ya'as—indeed, these stwikes au  
unfawtunate occoh'ences, and I hope things  
will be awanged amicably between both in-  
tewests as soon as possible—I do indeed.

### The Light Fantastic.

DEAR GRIP,—The Governor-General's ball  
was just too lovely for anything; although  
people who were not invited did not enjoy it at  
all, and declare that it was badly managed—as  
to the invitations, of course—and very mixed  
indeed; however, they may console themselves  
with the reflection that had they been invited it  
would certainly have been still more mixed.

But GRIP has no sour grapes to cry, so we  
can afford to tell the truth, and allow that it  
was the most magnificent and the best managed  
ball ever given in Montreal, and that our good  
Governor-General makes the most gracious and  
perfect of hosts.

His Excellency only danced the first set with  
an elderly lady, Mrs. Thos. Ryan. This was  
most self-denying and sensible, for the Marquis  
is a most graceful dancer, but had he continued  
to make selections of partners, the green-eyed  
monster would have reigned in the breast of all  
but the favored few, while they—to use a Yan-  
keeism—would have been "tickled to death."  
Of course in an assemblage of well-bred people,  
and where all the arrangements were perfect in  
every particular, but little fun for GRIP could  
be found, but during one little episode of the  
evening had GRIP himself been present, he might  
have found subject for a cartoon. A low crim-  
son corered railing ran round the dancing  
floor (which was laid over the tops of the chairs)  
where it joined the raised floor under the gal-  
lery, and several of the chaperones who had  
taken a position under "D," that they  
might be more easily accessible to their charges,  
remained standing just before this railing.  
Presently a bevy of young beauties returned to  
the shelter of the maternal wings after a waltz,

and feeling tired, yielded to the temptation to  
lean against the frail railing; then suddenly  
there was a crash of breaking boards, a roudado  
of suppressed shrieks, and a disappearance of  
fair maidens, and portly matrons, only a few  
pairs of tiny boots in an unusually elevated  
position remaining to mark the spot, but for-  
tunately our gallant Dr. Fisher was at hand,  
and the bundle of silks, satins, laces, and sweet  
pretty faces was speedily disintegrated, and re-  
stored to its various understanding. Luckily  
our good doctor's further services were found to  
be unnecessary, as no bones were broken, and  
but slight bruises incurred. Every guest at the  
ball went away well-pleased, and more in love  
with the Marquis than ever, and earnestly pray-  
ing that our dear Princess may soon be so re-  
stored to health that she may be enabled to re-  
turn to Canada, and make our Governor-Gen-  
eral as happy as he certainly deserves to be.

NINA D'ARVIN.

### Laid on the Shelf.

Mr. Thomas Claydon, Shelburne, Ont.,  
writes: "I have been suffering with a lame  
back for the past thirty years, and tried every-  
thing I heard of without success. Not long ago  
I was persuaded to use St. Jacobs Oil, I pur-  
chased a bottle, and, strange to say, before I  
had used it all, I was perfectly cured. I can  
confidently recommend it to any one afflicted.  
No one can speak too highly of its merits."  
Mr. W. E. Weeckly, also of Shelburne, thus  
mentions a matter of his experience: "I have  
been a sufferer with rheumatism for years, I  
was laid up with a severe attack a short time  
ago, and I can truly say that St. Jacobs Oil  
produced the quickest relief that I ever ex-  
perienced. I cheerfully recommend it to every  
sufferer."



### THE BEAUTIES OF FRENCH.

A FACT.—Scene, Emerson, Man.

A well-known government official being in-  
vited to a dinner party at St. Vincent, goes to  
the station-master and requests the favor of  
a locomotive to carry him to that point—as no  
regular train happens to be going at the re-  
quired time. The request is kindly granted,  
and an Irishman is sent with the "conve-  
nance," according to agreement, to a point adjacent to  
the official's residence. After waiting a reason-  
able length of time, Pat returns and reports  
that he can see nothing of the gentleman.  
Next morning, Mr. Official comes down in a  
passion and accuses the Milesian. "Why in  
thunder didn't you come for me last night with  
that engine. I was on the *qui vive* watching  
for you three hours!" "Sure, sir," replies  
Pat. "I did go, and av yez had come down  
from the *quay rayce* and staid on the shtoop  
yez wud have seen the engine!"

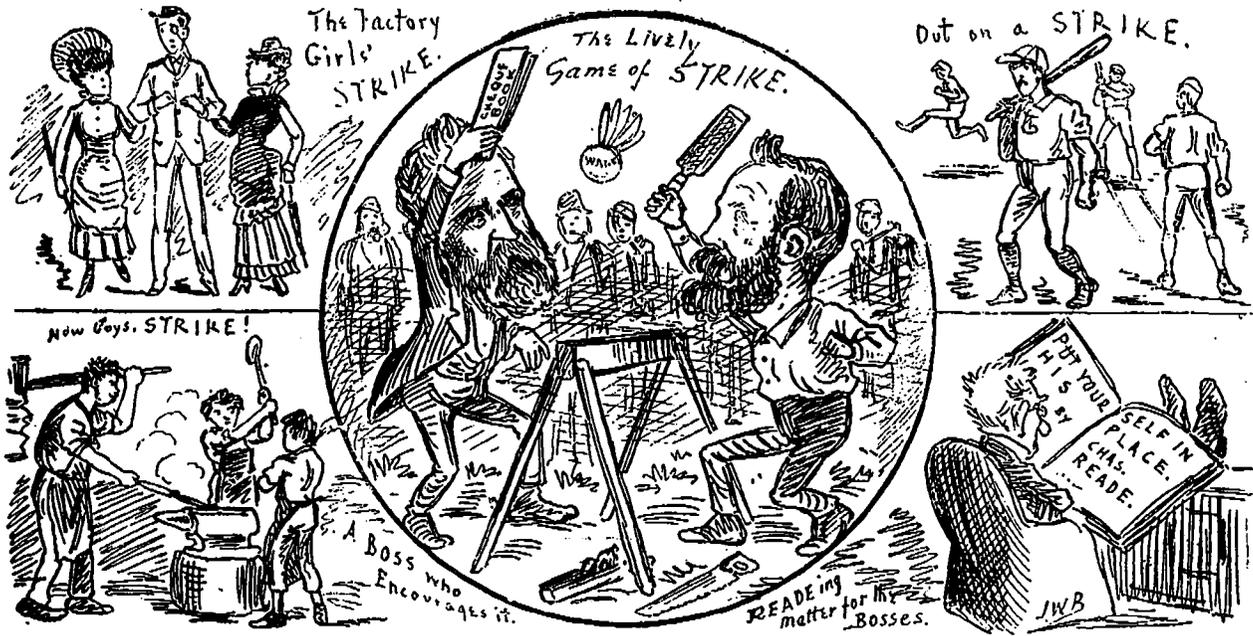
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**To Hanlin:**

Yu must be grate at roing an' manipulating oers!  
When did yu lurn to brayv the stormy billos of the deep,  
And now and then to blo yure noz:  
It must be a grate pheet for so smal a man,  
But then it's mostly yure natur and kums handy,  
Just as mutch as 't kums handy to me to rite *versus* and  
things.  
They sa Baoyd will git out a parily on yure roing,  
Whic, if so, yu et to hip, and I spose you will,  
Sine yu've bean in Ingind long onuf to git a copie-rite.  
I hope Mr. Rusking will not git out a Hanlin crie,  
Ostensible to ek-cite English sentiment and thort,  
That so, as yu ar moar sensitiv than Jumbo,  
Yu mite conclude not to put in an apereince hear.  
Yu wood then be prevented from bean treated to the Zue,  
Whic I intend to due when yu "turn up."  
Ther is prospex of the Hlant bean in *extremis* when you  
git lak,  
But this want afekt enic rag-gatta on phut,  
As Harry Piper wood no dout leece the whail's joz,  
Whic are capasheus and well adapted phor a raice.

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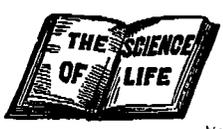
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